

REMBRANDT

HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, AND HIS TIME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

ÉMILE MICHEL.

Edited by

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

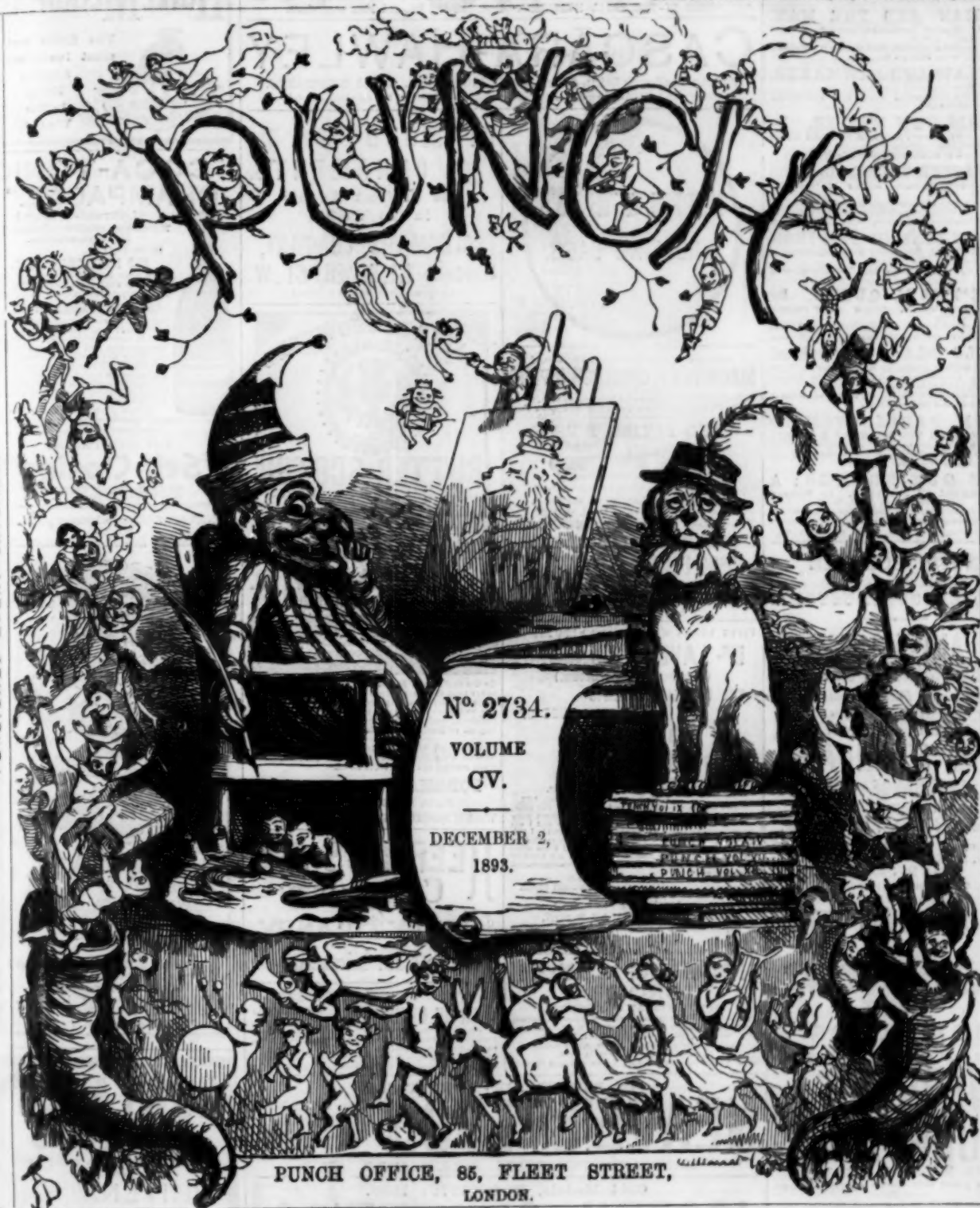
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WHITENS THE TEETH,

prevents decay, and sweetens the breath. It is most exquisitely perfumed, and is a perfect toilet luxury for all who value the appearance of their teeth.

2s. 6d. per box. Sold everywhere.

TO A LADY.

(Whose "Fringe" has fallen off
at a Ball.)

ALAS! those waving curls,
That parting on your brow,
Had been some other girl's!
"Where ish dot baring now?"

Like BREITMANN's barty gone
Away in *ewigkeit*,
Those curls which you put on
To grace the ball to-night.

Too feeble were the pins,
Too friaky were your hops;
Derisive are the grins,
Departing parting drops.

A parting, this, that shocks
Beholders evermore;
You dare not claim those locks
Now lying on the floor.

I used to think them fair,
I find them false instead;
If thus you lose your hair,
I shall not lose my head.

Nor certainly my heart—
With that I should not care
So readily to part
As you with purchased hair.

We kick those curls aside.
Your looks and locks have fled,
Then hasten home to hide
Your much diminished head.

DON PEDRO D'ALCANTARA LE
COMTE D'EU is eighteen. He
is pursuing his studies at a
Military Academy, speaks Ger-
man fairly well, and in his
leisure hours is, we are in-
formed, "studying Polish."
The latter being acquired, he
will become a most polish'd
Prince. He is so very well off
that he will not have to go to
Brazil for a crown.



DOMESTIC THRIFT.

SCENE—Entrance-hall at the Browns, after one of their Parties.

Jones (the last to depart, as usual). "WHAT A DELICIOUS DRINK, WAITER!
WHAT IS IT?" Waiter. "THE LEAVING, SIR!"

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF
BATTENBERG.

EUROPE'S Prince Charming, lion-
like, born to dare,
Betrayed by the black treach-
erous Northern Bear!
Soldier successful vainly, patriot
foiled, [spoiled]
Woeer discomfited, and hero
Triumphant champion of Stiv-
nitza's field,
To sordid treachery yet doomed
to yield;
Of gallant heart and high-en-
during strain, [vain]
Valiant resultlessly, victor in
Moley career of mingled shine
and shame,
Material fashioned for romantic
fame!
An age more chivalrous you
should have seen,
When brutal brokers, and when
bagmen keen,
Shamed not the sword and
blunted not the lance.
Then had you been true Hero of
Romance.
Now, when to Mammon Mars
must bow his crest,
King-errantry seems a Quixotic
quest,
And "unfulfilled renown" finds
only—early rest!

A VALETUDINARIAN'S VISION.

EVENING red and morning grey
Makes me by the fireside stay.
Evening grey and morning red
Finds me tucked up all day in
bed!

CURIOUS BUT TRUE.—So partic-
ular are the Worshipful
Company of Fishmongers to
have everything in order, that
they have this year elected as
Prime Warden a fine SALMON
(ROBERT H.).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WITH the New Year," says a Baronite, "there is a great
desire to turn over a new leaf." Such intentions are easily satisfied
by the *Back-Loop Pocket Diaries*, where leaves for this purpose
are plentifully supplied by JOHN WALKER & CO. Likewise DE LA
ROUX & CO. offer Diaries and Memorandum Books in every size and
form, and this year they have a patent clip to keep the leaf down.
Ought to be advertised as "clipping!"

The Baron's Baronites look into a box of Christmas books and find,
first—*Westward with Columbus*. By GORDON STABLES, M.D.C.M.
Graphic account. "STABLES must have been in excellent form
when writing this," observes a Baronite; "evidently he was not
Livery Stables."—*Wreck of the Golden Fleece*. By ROBERT
LEIGHTON. A capital sea story, plenty of rocks and wrecks,
hardships and plague-ships, and all sorts of wonderful adventures.
—*The White Conquerors of Mexico*, by KIRK MUNROE, tells how
CORTES and his Spaniards, being white, did MONTEZUMA and his
Aztec natives brown.—*With the Sea Kings*. F. H. WINDER. The
youthful amateur salt will find everything here to satisfy all his
cravings and *See-kings*. "Winder has taken great pains with this,"
says Baronites.

"My clients," quoth the Baron, "will do well to read BARING-
GOULD's cheap *Jack Zita*." Fascinating book by reason of its
picturesque effects and its description of life in the Fens at the
commencement of the present century. "I wonder," muses the
Baron, "whether any of my readers, being Cantabs, will call to mind
how some thirty-five years ago the names of those eminent amateur
pugilists J-CK SH-FF-LD, F-R-O-S-E-N D-V-E-L-N-N-X C-N-N-N-G-H-M
and others were associated with life in the Fens as it existed at that
time, and how these pupils of NAT LANGHAM's now and again
disputed the championship of a certain Fen Tavern, won it, and
for a time held it? Some undergraduates were hand and glove

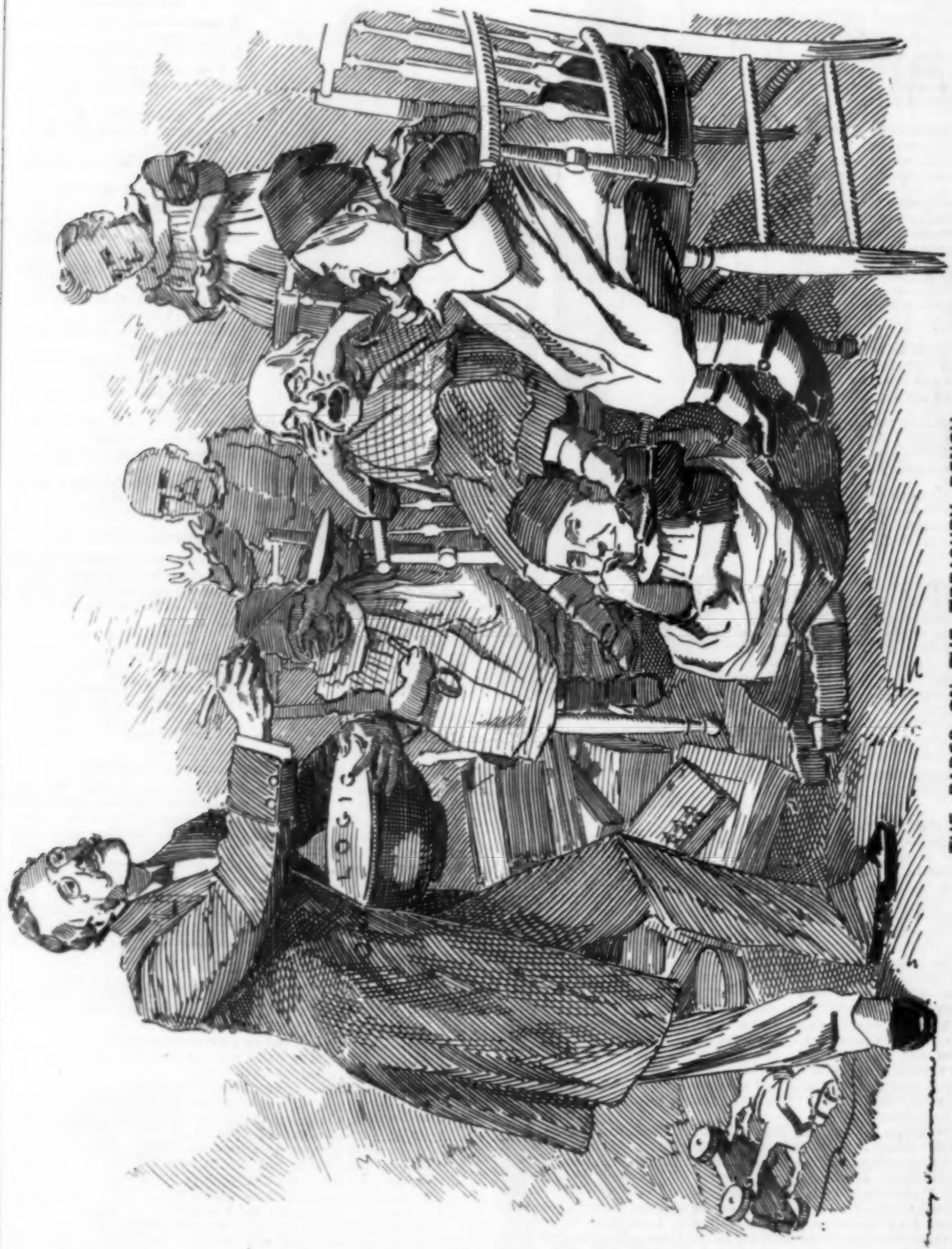
with the Fenners—not the cricket-ground, so styled, but the
dwellers in Fen-land; and on occasion they were hand to hand with-
out the 'glove.'" Why this question? "Because," says the Baron,
"one of the scenes so graphically described in the chapter, headed
'Burnt Hats,' might have been witnessed at the time I have
referred to by any undergraduate sufficiently venturesome to accom-
pany those fisticuffers." As for the plot, well, 'tis a good plot, and
has always been a good plot, and "twill serve, 'twill serve." But
it is the BARING-GOULD flavouring that makes the dish acceptable to
the jaded palate of oldest novel-devourer. BARON DE B.-W.

GOOD LUCK TO IT!

(To Mr. Caine and his Bill prohibiting advertisements in rural places.)

Oh, Mr. CAINE, for this relief much thanks.
As most benignant benefactor ranks
The man who saves our own sweet countryside—
At once our chiefest glory and our pride—
From all the many nauseating ills
Which come out of advertisements of pills!
Pills there must be, but when we chance to pass
Through meadows and would rest our eyes on grass,
Or pleasantly meander by the river,
We would forget we've even got a liver.
So here's success to you, Sir, in your Bill
To make it wrong to advertise a pill
In rural spots in which we fondly now
Associate "three acres and a cow!"
And when success this rural venture yields,
Do for the beaches what's done for the fields!

"INVISIBLE TROUSER STRETCHERS."—Legs.



THE BABES ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

(With Mr. Punch's Thanks to Mr. Courtney for the Suggestion. Vide Times, Parliamentary Report, Wednesday, November 22.)



"TRANSMITTED."

Ignorant Bachelor Visitor. "HELLO, THROGMORTON; WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOUR TWINS UP TO WITH THAT CONTRIVANCE!"
Proud Father (of Throgmorton, Threadneedle & Co.; Telephone 1234567). "HA! THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY—MARVELLOUS EXAMPLE OF INHERITED BUSINESS INSTINCT! THEY'RE TRYING TO TELEPHONE TO EACH OTHER!"

THE BABES ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

["The leader of the Opposition had treated them to good logic, but why administer such strong meat to the babes on the Treasury bench?"—*Mr. Courtney on the Parish Councils Bill.*]

We have heard of the Babes in the Wood,
 And the ruffians greedy and cruel,
 Who (as INGOLDSBY said in gay mood)
 Conspired for to "give them their gruel";
 But pitiful bosoms will blench
 At this vision of BALFOUR the sinister,
 To Babes on the Treasury Bench
 Presuming his dose to administer!
 They find Doctor BALFOUR, one fears,
 Worse than poor Davy Copperfield's
Creakle;
 As awful as grim Mrs. Squeers
 With her jorum of brimstone and treacle.
 Ah, COURTNEY, how could you conceive
 A picture so Mephistophelian?
 Your buzzum is stone, I believe,
 And your heart must be truly a steely 'un!
 Sweet Babes! They seem likely to choke!
 POOR GLADY! POOR JOHNNIE! POOR
 WILLY!
 ARTHUR'S "logic" is tougher than "toko,"
 And much more insipid than "skilly."

Strong meat? How your irony you barb,
 Your humour's as grim as the gallows.
 Your dose is as drastic as rhubarb,
 And almost as bitter as aloes.
 Logic? For Babes? On that Bench?
 You're as hard as the Poles' "whiskered
 pandour."
 You might as well set out to drench
 Your own Opposition with—candour!
 The Treasury Babes may object
 To prescriptions from MILL or from
 WHEWELL,
 And logical draughts, I expect,
 Would very soon give you your gruel.
 If COURTNEY could physic himself,
 Or BALFOUR and he dose each other,
 How soon both would lay on the shelf
 This prescription, and try quite another!
 No; Reason, as party-strife goes,
 As food is attractive to no men:
 And Logic's a nauseous dose,
 To be given—as physic—to foemen!

"WHAT author was it," inquired Mrs. R.
 of a literary friend, "who wrote the lines
 describing going to bed as 'that last infirmity
 of noble minds'?"

"HARK! I HEAR THE SOUND OF COACHES."

["There are still five of the road-coaches running out of London."—*Daily News, Nov. 18.*]

If drooping with toil, or aught else, I or
 You may spring up with "Excelsior!"

As up to the box-seat one climbs,
 "How pleasant," one murmurs, "'Old
 Times!'"

Times equally good, we'll engage,
 Have others who go with "The Age."

Though outlooks to-morrow be livid,
 Hold tight now a joy that is "Vivid."

"Post equitem?" Ah! his reliance,
 At least, wasn't placed on "Defiance."

RATHER FAMILIAR!—It was announced in the *Times* that "Canon G. F. BROWNE will lecture at St. Paul's, in January," on "*The Christian Church before the coming of Augustus.*" The Canon ought to have said "*Sir AUGUSTUS.*" Of course there is only one "*AUGUSTUS,*" i.e. our "*DRUMOLANUS.*"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XVII.—The Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge. CURPHEW and ALTHEA are standing at some distance from one another, in evident constraint.

Curphew (sadly). It's only what I expected, and yet—tell me this—is it entirely because of—of what you saw at the Eldorado last Saturday?

Althea. Ah, you know, then! but what does it matter now? I was mistaken—wasn't that enough?

Curph. Don't judge me by what you saw of WALTER WILDFIRE. I can do better things than that. I can make you forget him—forget that he ever existed, if only you will trust me!

Alth. (indignantly). Do you really suppose that he—that I—oh, it's too insulting! And you will do no good by disparaging him. The man who could write those songs, and sing them like that—

Curph. (winning). Don't! I know how they must have struck you. I would have prepared you, if I could. I did try—that afternoon at the station, but I was interrupted. And now it's too late, and the harm's done. But at least you will never see WALTER WILDFIRE again!

Alth. (exasperated). Have I ever said that I wanted to? Why will you persist in talking as if—? Once for all, I can't care for you; whatever I may have thought once, I know now that I can have no sympathy with the sort of life you lead; the pleasures you are content with would not satisfy me; I should want more than you could ever give me. We should have nothing in common—nothing—There, now do you understand?

Curph. Yes, I think I do. I suppose it's natural, and yet—don't think too hardly of me if you can help it. I might have chosen a higher walk than I did, but at least I've kept out of the mire, and now at last I see my way to—But that wouldn't interest you. There, I had better say good-bye; you won't refuse to give me your hand at parting, will you?

[As he takes her hand, Mrs. TOOVEY enters with CHARLES, and stands transfixed.]

Mrs. Toovey. ALTHEA, don't tell me I'm too late! You have not accepted that man?

Curph. (releasing ALTHEA'S hand). On the contrary, I have just had my dismissal, Mrs. TOOVEY; we were merely saying good-bye.

Mrs. Toov. Thank Heaven! But I knew I could trust my daughter to detect instinctively the designing serpent in wolf's clothing—(correcting herself angrily)—the sheep in dove's plumage, I should say.

Charles (sotto voce). Similes are cheap to-day!

Mrs. Toov. (more angrily still). Well, I know what I mean, and so does he!

[Mr. TOOVEY enters.] And how a person with Mr. CURPHEW'S antecedents could ever have the face to thrust himself into such a household as this—

Mr. Toov. (coming forward). CORNELIA, my love! Such language to our dear young friend! Surely, surely, there must be some and mistake!

Mrs. Toov. There has been indeed, Pa, and so you will say when you hear who and what he really is!

Curph. Mr. TOOVEY has been quite aware of it for the last week, and was kind enough to say he saw no insuperable objection.

Mrs. Toov. Pa, is this true? You knew who Mr. CURPHEW was, and never told me!

Mr. Toov. My dear, I've no more notion who he is, if he's not Mr. CURPHEW, than a babe un—

Curph. But surely, Sir, you forget our conversation at Clapham Junction this day week? You certainly knew everything then. I thought your nephew had probably—

Charles. I'd no idea of it myself till last Saturday, so it couldn't have been me!

Alth. (impatiently). No idea of what? Who is Mr. CURPHEW Pa's?

Curph. (to her, in astonishment). But you know! surely you know? What else have we been talking about?

Mr. Toov. (helplessly). I think we might try to be a little more clear, all of us. I do indeed. I'm in a perfect fog myself.

Mrs. Toov. Then, Pa, let me inform you that you have been encouraging the acquaintance of a person who gains his living by singing ribald songs at music-halls under the name of WALTER WILDFIRE!

Alth. (to herself). WALTER WILDFIRE! Then it was— Oh, if I had known!

Mr. Toov. A— a music-hall singer! He! Oh, dear, dear me; how one may be deceived in people!

Curph. Really, Sir, this can hardly be news to you, when you allowed me to send you a box for the Eldorado for the express purposes of—

Mrs. Toov. Don't deny you were sent the box, Pa, because I know better. The question is—what you wanted one at all for?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). There's no occasion to say anything about those shares now! (Aloud.) To be sure, I was sent a ticket, my love; I could not help that, but (drawing himself up) it was not likely that I should compromise myself by visiting such a place,

even from the best of motives, and I did not use the ticket myself, though I believe some other person did.

Mrs. Toov. (in some distress). Well, well, never mind that now, Pa. What you have to do is to ask this Mr. WILDFIRE to oblige us all by walking out of this house—for ever.

Curph. I should not have stayed so long as this, only I hoped that Mr. TOOVEY at least would have done me the justice— However, I've nothing to keep me here any longer now.

[He moves towards the door.]

Alth. (coming forward and intercepting him). Yes, you have—you've me. Oh, do you think I'll let you go like this—now I know? Can't you understand what a difference it makes?

[She clings to his arm.]

Charles. Bravo, THEA! I always knew you were a sensible girl!

Curph. (utterly bewildered). Then you weren't—you don't—? I wonder if I can be awake!

Mrs. Toov. ALTHEA, if you had the remotest conception of what a music-hall singer is, you would never—

Alth. I know what Mr. CURPHEW is, Mamma. He is a great artist, a genius; he can hold a mixed crowd of careless people spell-bound while he sings, make them laugh, cry, shudder, just as he chooses, and whatever he does is all so natural and human and real, and—oh, I can't put it into proper words, but one goes away thinking better of the whole world after it—and to hear him treated as if he were some outcast—oh, I can't bear it! [She breaks down.]

Curph. (to himself). I don't care what happens now. They can't take this away!

Mrs. Toov. Upon my word! And pray where did you learn all this about Mr. WILDFIRE'S performances?

Alth. (boldly). Where, Mamma? Why, at the Eldorado, last Saturday evening.

[Sudden collapse of Mrs. TOOVEY.]
Mr. Toov. (electrified). A daughter of mine at the Eldorado! THEA, my child, you can't know what you are talking about; look at the effect on your poor mother!

Alth. (desperately). But indeed, Papa, there was no harm in it. I went with the MERRIDEWS. And—and I may be mistaken, of course, but I—I thought I saw Mamma there too! [Sensation.]

Charles. Oh, I say, THEA; aren't you coming it rather strong? Aunt at the Eldorado! Why, Aunt thought Uncle was there!

Mr. Toov. CORNELIA, my love, don't pay any attention to her; the child must be stark staring mad to say such things. It's had enough that she should have gone; but to think of you in such a scene! (To ALTHEA.) Why, it was that very Saturday evening that your dear mother went to the Zenana Meeting at Mrs. COMBERBATCH'S—yes, to be sure. (To Mrs. T.) You remember, my dear, how you came home so late, in a cab the driver had been smoking in, and how the moment you entered the room I—

Mrs. Toov. (hastily). My dear THEOPHILUS, I remember the cir—



"Can't you understand what a difference it makes?"

circumstances perfectly, but I should not condescend to answer so preposterous a charge; especially when it is my own daughter who brings it!

Alth. (in distress). But indeed I don't, Mamma. I only fancied it might have been you, and of course, if you were at the CUMBERBATCHES—

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). I must put a stop to this once and for all. (Aloud.) If I was at the CUMBERBATCHES! When your father has just told you I was there—really, ALTHEA! Did I hear wheels outside? Just look, Pa. I haven't seen my spectacles since Saturday.

Mr. Toov. (at the window). Why, really, my love, it does seem to be a carriage, indeed. I wonder who can be calling at such a— Now, it's quite a coincidence, truly—it's dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH! I hope she'll come in, because I really think it's a duty to warn her against employing that particular cabman again. A driver who permits himself to smoke inside his own vehicle to that extent—

[*Mrs. TOOVEY makes ineffectual efforts to speak.*
Alth. (in a whisper, to CURPHU). Do look at Mamma! You don't think she could really—?

Curph. I don't know what to think yet; but we shall all know in a very few seconds now.

[*The hall-door is heard to open:*
Mrs. TOOVEY attempts to rise, but has to remain in her seat, dumb and paralysed.

END OF SCENE XVII.

LOBENCULA'S LETTER-BAG.

(*Post-mark, Regent's Park.*) Shall be glad to engage you for the Gardens. You will be expected to look after the elephants and to make yourself generally useful with the lions and tigers. As the Christmas holidays are approaching, perhaps you might invent a little comic scene with the crocodiles. A similar feature was supplied years ago by the French sailor in charge of the seals with much effect. Of course we shall be glad if your knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of the orang-outang enables you to suggest anything that could be worked up into a comic interlude. Please bear in mind that the Gardens want waking up, and you have a big opportunity. You would have Sunday off every other week. The Gardens would reserve to themselves the right of regulating your costume. Your boots and straw-hat may be ample in Africa, but in the Regent's Park would be considered inappropriate. We think we can clothe you in the very thing, if we can find a size large enough for you. It is called "the boy's home-for-the-holidays lounging suit," and is largely advertised. Shall expect you by next boat.

(*Post-mark, Westminster.*) Glad to engage you for a month certain, with power to increase the time to six weeks or longer. Could you bring with you a pugilistic hippopotamus? It must be a young one, as there is not much room for any side-shows. If you can jump, and don't mind water, so much the better. If you would leap from the organ-loft into a tank on to the stage, carrying on your back the boxing-kangaroo, the feat might be accepted, and prove a feature. Think this over on the journey to England. Perhaps something may occur to you. If so, mind that we are deeply respected, and are highly popular with the L. C. C. So please let your suggestions be as refined as possible.

(*Post-mark, Paternoster Row.*) Shall be glad to arrange with you for the immediate production of your Recollections. Would be glad if they were written in a bright, chatty style. You might give an account of your connection with literary celebrities, torturers, scientific expeditions, executions, sport in the far East, native war, and other topics of interest that may have come under your personal observation. If you could write up to some electros we have of a comic German Christmas party so much the better. As the success of the book is doubtful, we do not wish to incur unnecessary expense, and therefore would be glad if you could see your way to introducing the following blocks, of which we hold the copyright:—Covent Garden by Moonlight, A Spanish Bull Fight, An Execution in front of the Old Bailey, A Students' Ball in the Quartier Latin, H.R.H. opening a Newly-erected Board-School, Snipe Shooting on the Norfolk Broads, Christmas in a Storm at Sea, Hampstead Heath on

Bank Holiday, Portrait of JOHN WHELEY, A Lecture on Chemistry at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, Exterior of the new Police Court at Bow Street, An Incident in the Lord Mayor's Show, "Oxford wins," VAN TROMP sailing up the Thames, Paris Fashions for February, Christmas Eve—the Last Omnibus, Hop Pickers on the March, The new Uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and the late Fire at the Borough Brewery. We shall be glad if you will put the book in hand at once, as it is scarcely necessary to say that the sale of a work of reminiscences depends to a large extent upon the popularity of its author at the moment of publication. Terms, after the sale of 5000 copies, one penny a volume royalty.

(*Post-mark, Drury Lane.*) Engage you at once for ten years. Probably shall not require you for more than three or four months, but shall retain you for the rest of the time. May come in useful later on. Place waiting for you in the Pantomime. Minute and a half in English History in twenty minutes. Also comic scene with the Clown. The engagement must have clause allowing transference. Can find places for your wives (if they are really nice ones) in the Transformation Scene. If you can imitate the cries &c., of wild beasts, &c., think I can get you a turn at the

Palace. Writing a first-rate part for you in Autumn drama. A sort of gentlemanly demon, who appears in the West End during the first and third Acts, and in the last scene, appears in national costume with a real army and the whole bag of tricks. Bring as many of your army with you as you can. Can find something for them to do until the production of the Autumn drama. Collect a good lot of assegais and other useful props. May see way to working you into the Opera season. If you can sing, can give you a show at a concert. Might do for German series. Terms as per usual. Special arrangement if wanted at Windsor. Come over at once. On second thoughts, remain where you are. Will run over to have a chat. Third, and last thought, come over yourself. Find myself, with my engagements, just now a little pressed for time. *Au revoir!*

Coal and Wood.

[*"That a Board of Conciliation be constituted forthwith, to last for one year at least, consisting of an equal number of coalowners and miners' representatives, fourteen of each."*—*Terms of the Collieries Strike Conference.*]

HOORAY for happy harmony so readily restored!
Thanks chiefly to young ROSEBERRY, that shrewd and genial lord.
And Mr. Punch is thankful, for such strikes we can't afford,
That in the Labour platform the newest plank's a Board!

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL OUTBURST.

[*"A specimen of the rare white-tailed eagle has just been shot at Bude Haven, Cornwall."*—*Daily Paper, Nov. 24.*]

AH! shades of YARRELL, MORRIS, BEWICK, WOOD,
Swoop down from Nephelococcygian eyrie [toms,
With legions of bird-phantoms,
Roc-ghosts and spectral bantams,
Andvenge the Vandal sporting-man's vagary,
Wrought on your race in Cornwall's bay of Bude!

A *Haliaetus* he's done to death!
Haunt him and harry, osifrage and osprey!
Hoot, owl! Croak havoc, raven!
He of that wave-beat haven
Should—like the Ancient, of the Albatross—pray
For tardy pardon till his latest breath!

Soon will the Sea-earn join the vanished band
Of Gargafowl, Apyornis, Dodo, Moa!

And e'en the merry mavis
Will rank as *rara avis*—
The sparrow, sole of all that sailed with NOAH,
Will learn the casual pot-shot to withstand!

Why surely, when rare birds are rarer made
By 'ARRY, or by 'ARRIER's hat-adorners,

These gentry should be tethered
To posts, and tarred and feathered! [a mourner
To see the balance thus redressed
Would not be he who has these lines essayed!



A NOVELTY.

Mr. Cylinder (who always uses his *Hot's* cartridges). "WHAT POWDER ARE THESE LOADED WITH, MY BOY?"
Beater. "AR DOAN'T RIGHTLY KNOW; BUT AR THINK THEY CALLS IT SERDLITZ POODER!"



A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"A—I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT IN THEORY, LADY HYPATIA. BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IN PRACTICE THE WORLD AT LARGE WON'T AGREE WITH YOU." "WON'T IT? THEN IT OUGHTN'T TO BE AT LARGE!"

A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

(Latest Parliamentary Version.)

Mr. H. FOWLER sings. (Air—"Daisy Bell.")

THERE'S mazy misgiving upon my part,
Hazy, hazy,
Women, by WALTER M'LAREN'S art,
Muddle my "Mazy Bill."
Whether I love it or love it not,
Down I must gulp this pill.
She-suffrage complicates the plot,
Much, of my "Mazy Bill"!

Chorus—

Mazy! Mazy!
She-Voter, sit up, do!
I'm half crazy,
All with the weight of you!
You will not be robbed by marriage
Of a ride on this bi-wheeled carriage.
You look so sweet
(So you think) on the seat
Of a Bicycle built for Two!

We must go "tandem," like man and wife!—
Aisy! Aisy!—
Am I not working away for life,
Driving my "Mazy Bill"?
Taking you up, as an extra load,
Taxes my strength and skill.
Rough and up-hill is the country road,
Run by the "Mazy Bill."

Chorus—

Lazy! Lazy!—
Spin like a "Scorcher"—do!
I'm half crazy
With the dead weight of you!
Spinster or bound in marriage,
You claim gratuitous carriage;
But—use your feet
If you must have a seat,
On this Bicycle built for Two!

I must stand by you? Oh yes, I know!

They see, they see,—

M'LAREN and STANSFELD, JESSE and JOE,—

I'm bound to my "Mazy Bill."

You'll take the lead, if I don't mistake.

Then, if you work your will,

Who will there be to put on the brake,

Working my "Mazy Bill"?

Chorus—

Hazy! Hazy!
Such is the country view!
Squires half crazy,
All for sheer dread of you!
Maidens or married by marriage,
Your sex means claiming their carriage;
But, I feel dead beat
With your weight on the seat
Of this Bicycle—built for Two!

CONVERSATION BOOK FOR CANDIDATES.

(When the Ladies have the Franchise.)

Voter. Are you sure you are quite steady?
Candidate. Quite. And I am prepared to
give the best time of my life to the considera-
tion of the most important—

V. Thank you, that will do. But do you
think that a carriage is necessary for a wife?

C. Certainly, and it would be a grievance
if she had not one. By a development of the
trade of the country I believe that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And I sup-
pose you admit the equality of the sexes?

C. Undoubtedly, considering that the
highest places in the university class lists are
carried off by—

V. Thank you, that will do. And I sup-
pose you, if elected, will have a fortune
sufficiently ample to afford a house in Eaton
Square, a place in the country, a yacht in the
Solent, a box at the opera, and all the other
necessary et ceteras?

C. Most probably. I hold it to be the duty

of every legislator to see that his wealth is
sufficient to enable him to give his individual
time to the service of his constituents, and—

V. Thank you, that will do. I presume,
if you married, you would like your wife's
mother to occasionally visit her daughter?

C. Theoretically, yes. Judging for others,
I would say that no subject of greater interest
than happy domestic arrangement could be
imagined. I would insist that the well-being
of the family circle is of paramount import-
ance, and that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And now for
my last question. If you are elected will you
be prepared to marry my eldest daughter?

C. That is a matter of great moment which
requires the most careful consideration.
Without absolutely pledging myself to any
course of action, I may declare that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And now I
will examine your opponent!

PALINODE.

["In my old Radical days."—Mr. Chamberlain.]

Yrs, I once was a smart little Rad
Who talked about "lilies" and "ransom."
Those views, which were shallow and mad,
I retract, in a manner most handsome.

Eh? "Skeletons," "Armchairs"? Oh no!
I hold they are traitors or sillies,
Who talk (like the juvenile Joe)

About skeletons, ransom, and lilies!
Ri fol de rol liddle lol dol!

I might be indulging to-day
In the rampant and rancorous Rad's tone,
Swearing "lilies" full "ransom" must pay,
If it hadn't a-been for that GLADSTONE!

He serves as a warning to me,
A sort of political heliot;
But, thanks to old W. G.,
I'm no longer a radical zealot!

Ri fol de rol liddle lol dol!



"A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO."

[“If he (Mr. FOWLER) understood the decision of the House correctly on this subject, it was this—that the disqualification of married women should cease; that was to say, where a woman was otherwise qualified, and was on an existing register, and, as such, entitled to vote, she should not be disqualified by reason of being a married woman. . . . It was a decision which the Government would endeavour to carry out. . . . He should propose to insert a new clause removing the disqualification of married women altogether.”—*Mr. H. Fowler in the Debate on the Parish Councils Bill.*]



ROBERT'S PUZZEL.

I've had a Puzzel put into my hands by a hement Common Councilman which has puzzeld me orfully, but which he says is as plane as the hobjects of a County Counsellor. It is as follows:—

"Amalgamation is Wexation,
Unefecation is as Bad,
The Royal Commission puzzels me,
And their practises drives me Mad!"

In course the hole thing is a Comondrum to a pore Waiter like me; but my frend tells me that it all means, that as the City Copperation is the popularest body in all the hole Country, and the London County Council about the most unpopularest, as they are allers a hinterfering unnecessarily with the cumforts and amusements of some class or other of the people, they aeshally has the hor-dasity to propose that the grand old Copperation should be abolished alto-gether, and ancient Gildhall and the honored Manahan House, with all their sacred contents, handed over to the County Counsellors! and that in future there should be no reel City of London, but that all the hole place, with its five millions of people, should be muddled up together, and put under the loving care of the London County Council!

Well, I do happen to have a pretty large acquaintance one way and another, and I ventures to say, most truthfully, that I haven't come across one singel one on 'em but what has ether amost bust hisself with larfter, or amost screamed hisself hoarse with hindignation, when I have told him my almost unposserbel tail!

ONE OF THE "MAXIMS" OF CIVILISATION!



OLD AND NEW.

"THINK of the glorious Mottoes," said a Major of the old school. "'Nil Desperandum,' 'Death or Victory,' 'England Expects,' and so forth!" Replied his friend, the modern Captain, "Bother your Mottoes! Give us the 'Maxims'!"

"Flibbertigibbet."

THE fiend that now urges to—pen flippant novels
Is modern *Poor Tom's* modish *Modo*.
The work that in cynical worldliness grovels
Will soon be extinct as the Dodo!

* See *King Lear*.

I did venture to ask the Common Councilman, the other day, whether he really thort as there was any possibility of such a hideous skeme a being carried out, when we all knowd what a splendid carater the old Copperation had borne for ages past for Generosity, for Horsepittallerty, and for Eddication. His arnsar was, "My dear ROBERT, we lives in sitch rum times that one hesitates to say that any habsurdity is impossible, but the great trust of all of us is, that should things get to the werry worst, and ewen the House of Commons throw us over—the I have heard their great Leader himself declare, in Gildhall itself, that the history of the City Copperation reflected an amount of credit upon those who had governed it for generations that it would be differcult to surpass—the same nobel and hindependent Body as only a few munse ago saved the country from disruption, and thereby raised themselves greatly in the estimation of all thinking men, would again step forward and save the grate Capital from such a ridicululus, and contemptible, and silly absurditty as was never equalled in the history of the world!"

Ah, well, these was nice comforting words for me to hear, and sent me about my oishal dooties with quite renewed wigour, and when shortly afterwards I ventured to repeat them to one of the most importantest of our gasts, he turned round and aeshally shook my hand, and exclaimed, "Ah, my good ROBERT, we may trust to them, for many and many a time have I heard some of our gratest men exclaim, 'Thank God we have a House of Lords!'"

ROBERT.

"HISTORY (NEARLY) REPEATS ITSELF."

(A Peep into the Future.)

THERE was a general strike. The playing fields were deserted, and trade was at a standstill. Not a cricket-ball or a foot-ball had been made for months, and the lawn-tennis industry was paralyzed. The papers of the day urged the Government to intervene. "After all, it was only a matter of figures. Surely a compromise might be reached. If players would only meet payers, all would be well." So a Cabinet Council was held, and the most popular Member of the Ministry was selected as arbitrator. The name was well-received by both sides, and all seemed *en train* for a satisfactory settlement.

"We must have a proper salary," said a representative of the foot-ball profession; "if we don't, we shall have to give it up, and take to soldiering, doctoring, brief-accepting, and the rest of it."

There was a murmur of disapproval at this suggestion. Was foot-ball to perish because its professors could not get a "living wage"? No, a thousand times no!

Then the Minister suggested that he had better hear the complaints of the men, the women, the children. So the cricketers, the golfers, the polo-players, and the lovers of lawn-tennis spoke at length.

"And what may you want young lady?" asked the arbitrator, with a smile.

"I must be paid for taking my doll for a walk," replied a small girl of six or seven. "I have to keep the toy perambulator in repair, and when Rose falls on her nose, I have to get her face replaced. How am I to bear these expenses if I receive nothing? It is impossible, unreasonable!"

"And I, too," cried a schoolboy. "How can I trundle my hoop or play at marbles if I am not allowed something for my time?"

And there were other complaints. Everyone wanted a wage, and the cries for salaries waxed louder and louder.

Then the Minister asked for a few minutes' grace, and began writing. After he had finished his despatch, he put it in an envelope, and requested someone to read it when he had taken his departure. Then he went away.

"Dear me!" said the person to whom the despatch had been entrusted. "This is highly unsatisfactory. I find the arbitrator has resigned without making an award, and has left the matter in the hands of Lord ROSEBURY."

Then there was a cry of sorrow. For it was known that as Lord ROSEBURY had had quite enough of conflicts between capital and labour, he would certainly refuse to be dragged into another quarrel.

So the war went on between players and payers, and "Merrie England" became a byword of reproach in the comity of nations.

MATURE CHARMS.

MAIDEN slim and fair, with the golden hair,
So eager to snare with the knowing glance
Of your eyes so bright, and to wait all night
With that step so light in the mazy dance,

Years ago, I swear, we once met somewhere;
We danced—you take care to forget that ball—
And my arm embraced that wasp's whalebone waist,
So cruelly laced, so absurdly small!

But then I declare you had nut-brown hair,
The colour's still there just down at the roots;
You are "fancy free," full of girlish glee,
But you're forty-three I would bet my boots.

Your beauty is rare, but I am aware
That face you prepare, that vile waist you buy,
Which corsets to civilised women give,
And hairdressers live so that you may dye.



Popular Idea of the Costume
of a Member of the Bar on
"Grand Day."



SO POLITE!!

Slim nervous Gent (pulling up at a regular pace). "HOLD HARD, YOU BRUTE! 'LADIES FIRST!'"

A BALLAD.

I wish I could write romantic rot,
Like the beautiful songs they sing
At Ballad Concerts; why should I not
Attempt such a simple thing?
This metre's just right. Here goes!—The
moon
Shone sad o'er the silvered waves, [June,
The nightingale trilled 'neath that night of
Where the river the primrose laves.

(That's good, though hazy the sense may
seem,

No primrose would bloom at the time;
The river "laves" it, not it the stream;
"Moon" and "June" makes a clumsy
rhyme.)

Upon the terrace a maiden fair
Was gazing the waters o'er,
And dreaming of vows of love she ne'er
Would hear, as in days of yore.

("Days of yore," that's fine.) And her soft,
sad eyes

Looked up at the starry night,
She kissed a fair ruby ring, with sighs,
Which shone on her fingers white.

(You put the words as it suits you best;
The adjective need not be
Before the noun.) On her heaving breast
A red, red rose you could see.

(That is if you had been there.) She wept;
To-night must her lover go.

The rose was awake, though the pimpernel
slept. [know?]

(Bagged from TENNYSON, don't you

The silent stream whispered scarce a sign,
Ere it swept past the willows grey.

(The sense is vague, though the sound is
fine;

What it means even I can't say.)

Alas! alas! red, red rose, bright ring!

Red rose, oberished ring, alas!

(Such bosh sounds beautiful when you
sing.)

A hush lay over the grass.

(I'm hanged if I know what a "hush"
may be.

It's something pathetic, sublime.)

The nightingale warbled upon the tree.
O rose-scented summertime!

He came, and pressed to his manly heart

The maid 'neath the pale moonbeams
(Don't mind if accents are wrong); they
part!

In (excellent rhyme) her dreams
The joy of that passionate farewell kiss
To the silent tomb she bore.

(I could easily write you a mile of this,
But you probably want no more.)

"LA FIN DU SEA-AIGLE (!!)." — The
Standard informs us that—

"A specimen of the white-tailed, or sea eagle,
has just been shot at Bude Haven, Cornwall. The
bird weighed nearly eight pounds, and the ex-
tended wings measure between seven and eight feet
from tip to tip."

Now, "next please," and let us have the
"Very last of the Sea Serpent!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, November 20.—Rumour current to-night that Ballykilbeg is in the market. Ballykilbeg is the manorial seat of one of the most ancient and honourable Irish families, long settled in County Down. The O'HENSTONS were in the train of BORNHOIMI when he first essayed, and succeeded in, the difficult task of forming a United Ireland. JAKE O'HENSTON is a name that lingers lovingly in tradition of Youngest Ireland. Gradually, being always on the people's lips, it began to take a new form. J. O'HENSTON naturally became JOHNSTON; but Ballykilbeg was always there. To-day House of Commons contains no more esteemed Member than he who is known as JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg. A man of war breathing battle, ever ready to take his place amongst the corpses in the last ditch, JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg off the platform in Ulster, or off his legs in House of Commons, is the mildest-mannered man that ever proposed to broil a brother for conscience' sake.

Quite a sensation at prospect of discovering JOHNSTON from Ballykilbeg. Glad to hear there's nothing, or little, in it. Arises out of circumstance that JOHNSTON has approached Mr. G. with suggestion that Treasury shall purchase an estate in Ireland, and there plant out the Duke of YORK. If the Duke, making a survey of Ireland, should find no more attractive place than Ballykilbeg, the descendant of the O'HENSTONS is not the man to allow personal



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 5. HUNTING.

predilections or old associations to stand in the way of gratification of Royal desire. It might come to pass that the Crowned Heads of Europe would welcome at their courts YORK of Ballykilbeg, whilst the last of the O'HENRYS would be content to house his loyal head



Johnston of Ballykilbeg escorting the Duke of York.

under alien roof. That, however, not a prospect in view when he moved in the matter. There is surely room between the seas that circle Ireland for the Duke of YORK and JOHNSTON still at Ballykilbeg.

Business done.—Clause I. added to Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—Parish Councils on again. That was order of day, but human ingenuity dragged in other matters. First Woman's Suffrage, on which there was livelier debate than has yet arisen in Committee on this Bill. Last Thursday WALTER M'LAREN raised question in form of an Instruction. Government resisting were beaten, the Opposition coalescing with revolting Radicals. Now, as SQUIRE of MALWOOD puts it, the Government, kissing the rod, accept injunction; undertake to embody M'LAREN's Amendment in Bill. Pretty to see air of doubt and hesitation that hereupon comes over ingenuous faces on Opposition benches. If HENRY FOWLER had put his back up, declared that Woman delighted him not, nor WALTER M'LAREN either, Opposition would again have joined forces with Radicals, and Government would once more have suffered defeat. Since they resolved to obey Instruction carried by majority last Thursday, PRINCE ARTHUR shakes his head; EDWARD STANHOPE shows this is quite another pair of sleeves; whilst JOSEPH, back bronzed from breezy Bahamas, bluntly says he will oppose new Clause HENRY FOWLER has promised to bring in.

"It is the duty of an Opposition to oppose," says PRINCE ARTHUR; "and I did not for several Sessions sit at feet of OLD MORALITY without being impressed with imperative sense of duty."



Mr. Courtney explains the Puzzle.

Later, when this difficulty temporarily out of way and it seemed progress with Clause might be made, Proportional Representation was dragged in neck and crop. COURTNEY took charge of the puzzle business, and tried to explain it. No prizes offered, and attention a little slack. SQUIRE of MALWOOD defined the theory in admirable phrase. "It is," he said, "an ingenious system by which a man is

to vote for a person he does not prefer in order to secure a majority for some purpose he does not understand." Can't better that; leaves nothing else to say. Nevertheless, much was said; talked by the hour; finally a division, in which Government majority, rarely falling below three score and ten, stood at 72.

Business done.—Something of the debating society order.

Thursday night.—Things coming to a pretty pass if TOMLINSON is not to offer a few observations on third reading of Employers' Liability Bill without an arrogant Minister moving the Closure. Apart from consideration of individual liberty and freedom of speech, House would have suffered special disappointment if SPEAKER had accepted ASQUITH's suggestion and submitted question of Closure. Finding TOMLINSON on his feet at this juncture it naturally thought he had, in interval, discovered what his amendments moved last week in Committee on Bill meant, and was seizing this opportunity of explaining them. He didn't; but that was all ASQUITH's fault. Enough to cow any man rising at ten minutes to twelve and having pistol held to his head in shape of motion for the Closure.

Just at the time when TOMLINSON was coming to his explanation, hand of clock touched five minutes to twelve. He might still have used up at least four minutes; being flurried, he sat down; and now we shall never know what his amendments were designed to accomplish. Happily there was time left for MATTHEWS to soundly rate ASQUITH for his attempt to Closure TOMLINSON. Right hon. gentleman could scarcely control his tongue in the emotion under which he laboured in contemplation of the attempted outrage. It would have been bad enough with an ordinary member. That the weighty and sententious speech of so eminent a statesman as the Member for Preston should have been broken in upon by a motion for the Closure only showed, in the ex-Home Secretary's opinion, how bad was the case of the Government, how reckless the tactics to which desperation drove them. A beautiful speech; almost, as TOMLINSON says, worth being snubbed by ASQUITH in order to elicit this eloquent testimony to modest merit.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill read a third time.

Friday Night.—Great advantage of habit of foreign travel ingrained with Members of Commons is that when erudite question comes up sure to be someone present who can illustrate its bearings from experience gained in more or less remote portions of the planet. Just now HENRY FOWLER moved provision in Parish Councils Bill, making it possible for Lovely Woman, whether married or single, to stoop to folly of being elected on Parish Council Board. Up jumps HORACE PLUNKETT with some charming reminiscences brightly told of residence in the State of Wyoming. In that happy land women enjoy equal political and municipal privileges with their brother men.

"I was," said PLUNKETT, "well acquainted with a female Justice of the Peace. She discharged her duties, and, when necessary, a revolver."

Another of PLUNKETT's lady friends in far-off Wyoming had her domestic duties broken in upon by summons to attend a jury. Case proved protracted; husband had to stay at home and mind the baby, whilst she was locked up all-night with eleven good men and true.

After hearing this, Committee unanimously, without division being challenged, agreed to FOWLER's Amendment.

Business done.—On Clause III. Parish Council Bill.

SHAKSPEARE IN LONDON.

BUY no more, Ladies; buy no more;
Shops were deceivers ever:
One price in season, one before,
And reasonable never.
Then buy not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting "Robes, modes, et
manteaux"
Into—"Pas, si je connais!"
Bring no more bargains—sales are
low,
And bills are dull and heavy;
(The shopmen drew their longest
bow
For Summer's rout and levée.)
Then buy not so,
But let them "show"
And be you shrewd and bonny,
Converting all their "Tout ce
qu'il faut"
Into—"Pas, si je connais!"

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS!"

PUNCH's picture, "When the
Cat's Away!"
Seems to have effect! The brutal
"play"
Of young ruffians, in at least two
cases,
Whipping has rewarded. What
long faces
TROTTER pulls! With his mild
creed it clashes.
Sentiment's eyes are wet—about
the lashes!
Howling brutes make molly-
coddles snivel.
Let the ruffians rail, their cham-
pions drivel.
Brutalising to chastise brutality?
'Tis the merest blind sentiment-
ality.
Feeble men and helpless women
savo
From the roughs, and let the
weepers rave!

ANOTHER SUCCESS.

Old Bushmills
PURE MALT
Whiskey

Has just obtained THE ONLY MEDAL and HIGHEST AWARD for IRISH WHISKEY at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.
 London Office—2, Cannon St.
 Distillery—BUSHMILLS, Co. ANTRIM.

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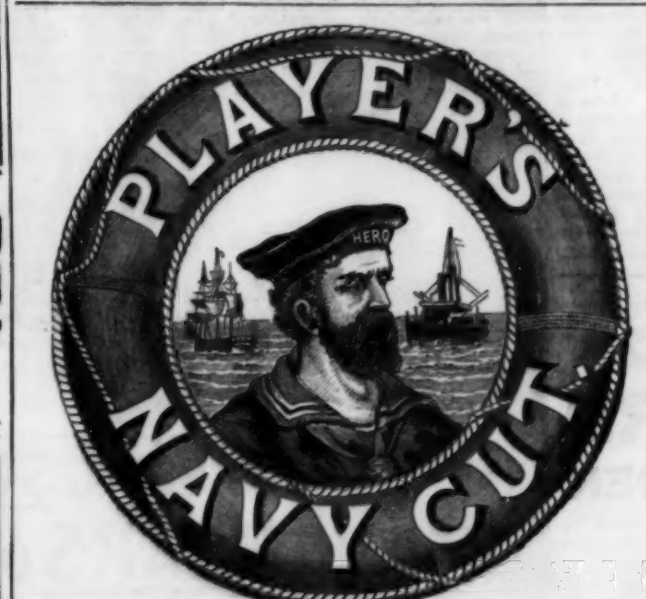
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 The following extract from the "Review or Reviews," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every smoker:

THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who daims from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Heron," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the REVIEW or REVIEWS for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, so I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathy of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances; but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next three months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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